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Reviews.

Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats. Edited by Richard Monckton Milnes. New York: G. P. Putnam.

THE final memorials of Charles Lamb, reviewed by us last week, revealed the singular mystery which had characterized his life. The memoirs of Keats, now before us, unfold a secret of his fate that will be equally sad and new to most of his admirers. It was not then

"The Quarterly,
So savage and tartarian,

which killed Jack Keats." It was not the wound to his literary vanity, which brought on the early crisis of his destiny to the most sensitive and delicate-minded poet of our age. It was a deeper cutting wound than that which the critic makes; it was an older ailment in the sad catalogue of human suffering, than any which sprang into existence with the invention of literary periodicals. The Poet Keats died of a love-fever which, while bringing on a rapid consumption, devoured his vitals with the fire of baffled desire, with anguish, and with despair. But let him tell his own story.

"MARIAN CROWTHER,

"Off Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, Sept. 28, 1820.

I wish to write on subjects that will not agitate me much. There is one I must mention and have done with it. Even if my body would recover of itself, this would prevent it. The very thing which I want to live most for will be a great occasion of my death. I cannot help it. Who can help it? Were I in health it would make me ill, and how can I bear it in my state? I dare say you will be able to guess on what subject I am harping—you know what was my greatest pain during the first part of my illness at your house. I wish for death every day and night to deliver me from these pains, and then I wish death away, for death would destroy even those pains, which are better than nothing. Land and sea, weakness and decline, are great separators, but Death is the great divorcer for ever. When the pang of this thought has passed through my mind, I may say the bitterness of death is passed. I often wish for you, that you might flatter me with the best. I think, without my mentioning it, for my sake, you would be a friend to Miss ——, when I am dead. You think she has many faults, but for my sake think she has not one. If there is anything you can do for her by word or deed I know you will do it. I am in a state at present in which woman, merely as woman, can have no more power over me than stocks and stones, and yet the difference of my sensations with respect to Miss —— and my sister is amazing—the one seems to absorb the other to a degree incredible. I seldom think of my brother and sister in America; the thought of leaving Miss —— is beyond everything horrible—the sense of darkness coming over me—I eternally see her figure eternally vanishing; some of the phrases she was in the habit of using during my last nursing at Wentworth Place ring in my ears. Is there another life? Shall I awake and find all this a dream? There must be, we cannot be created for this sort of suffering. The receiving

this letter is to be one of yours—I will say nothing about our friendship, or rather yours to me, more than that, as you deserve to escape, you will never be so unhappy as I am. I should think of you in my last moments. I shall endeavor to write to Miss ——, if possible, to day. A sudden stop to my life in the middle of one of these letters would be no bad thing, for it keeps one in a sort of fever awhile; though fatigued with a letter longer than any I have written for a long while, it would be better to go on for ever than awake to a sense of contrary winds. We expect to put into Portland Roads to-night. The captain, the crew, and the passengers, are all ill-tempered and weary. I shall write to Dilke. I feel as if I was closing my last letter to you, my dear Brown.

"Your affectionate friend,
"JOHN KEATS.

"A violent storm in the Bay of Biscay lasted for thirty hours, and exposed the voyagers to considerable danger. 'What awful music!' cried Severn, as the waves raged against the vessel. 'Yes,' said Keats, as a sudden lurch inundated the cabin, 'Water parted from the sea.' After the tempest had subsided, Keats was reading the description of the storm in 'Don Juan,' and cast the book on the floor in a transport of indignation. 'How horrible an example of human nature,' he cried, 'is this man, who has no pleasure left him but to gloat over and jeer at the most awful incidents of life. Oh! this is a paltry originality, which consists in making solemn things gay, and gay things solemn, and yet it will fascinate thousands, by the very diabolical outrage of their sympathies. Byron's perverted education makes him assume to feel, and try to impart to others, those depraved sensations which the want of any education excites in many.'

"The invalid's sufferings increased during the latter part of the voyage and a ten-days' miserable quarantine at Naples. But, when once fairly landed in comfortable quarters, his spirits appeared somewhat to revive, and the glorious scenery to bring back, at moments, his old sense of delight. But these transitory gleams, which the hopeful heart of Severn caught and stored up, were in truth only remarkable as contrasted with the chronic gloom that overcame all things, even his love. What other words can tell the story like his own? What fiction could color more deeply this picture of all that is most precious in existence becoming most painful and destructive? What profounder pathos can the world of tragedy exhibit than this expression of all that is good and great in nature writhing impotent in the grasp of an implacable destiny?"

"NAPLES, Nov. 1 [1820].

"MY DEAR BROWN,

Yesterday we were let out of quarantine, during which my health suffered more from bad air and the stifled cabin than it had done the whole voyage. The fresh air revived me a little, and I hope I am well enough this morning to write to you a short calm letter:—if that can be called one, in which I am afraid to speak of what I would fainest dwell upon. As I have gone thus far into it, I must go on a little;—perhaps it may relieve the load of *wretchedness* which presses upon me. The persuasion that I shall see her no more will kill me. My dear Brown, I should have had her when I was in health, and I should have re-

mained well. I can bear to die—I cannot bear to leave her. Oh, God! God! God! Everything I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. The silk lining she put in my travelling cap scalds my head. My imagination is horribly vivid about her—I see her—I hear her. There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me from her a moment. This was the case when I was in England; I cannot recollect, without shuddering, the time that I was a prisoner at Hunt's, and used to keep my eyes fixed on Hampstead all day. Then there was a good hope of seeing her again—Now!—O that I could be buried near where she lives! I am afraid to write to her—to receive a letter from her—to see her handwriting would break my heart—even to hear of her anyhow, to see her name written, would be more than I can bear. My dear Brown, what am I to do? Where can I look for consolation or ease? If I had any chance of recovery, this passion would kill me. Indeed, through the whole of my illness, both at your house and at Kentish Town, this fever has never ceased wearing me out. When you write to me, which you will do immediately, write to Rome (*poste restante*)—if she is well and happy, put a mark thus +; if —

"Remember me to all. I will endeavor to bear my miseries patiently. A person in my state of health should not have such miseries to bear. Write a short note to my sister, saying you have heard from me. Severn is very well. If I were in better health I would urge your coming to Rome. I fear there is no one can give me any comfort. Is there any news of George? O, that something fortunate had ever happened to me or my brothers!—then I might hope,—but despair is forced upon me as a habit. My dear Brown, for my sake, be her advocate for ever. I cannot say a word about Naples; I do not feel at all concerned in the thousand novelties around me. I am afraid to write to her. I should like her to know that I do not forget her. Oh, Brown, I have coals of fire in my breast. It surprises me that the human heart is capable of containing and bearing such misery. Was I born for this end? God bless her, and her mother, and my sister, and George, and his wife, and you, and all!

"Your ever affectionate friend,
"JOHN KEATS."

Thus, within a few weeks of his death, writes the stricken poet, whose brother in America describes him as "the very soul of courage and manliness," while that brother at the same time had full knowledge of the dependent affectionateness and the almost feminine sensibility of the young author who commenced his literary career by showing unaffected determination to hold the bullies of Blackwood to their "responsibility" (see page 133). "I do not doubt," writes his candid brother from America, "I do not doubt but that he complained of me—"

"I do not doubt but that he complained of me; although he was the noblest fellow, whose soul was ever open to my inspection, his nervous, morbid temperament at times led him to misconstrue the motives of his best friends. I have been instrumental times innumerable in correcting erroneous impressions so formed of those very persons who have been most ready to believe the stories lately circulated against me,

and I almost believe that had I remained his companion, and had the means, as I had the wish, to have devoted my life to his fame and happiness, he might have been living at this hour. His temper did not unfold itself to you, his friend, until the vigor of his mind was somewhat impaired, and he no longer possessed the power to resist the pettishness he formerly considered he had no right to trouble his friends with. From the time we were boys at school, where we loved, jangled, and fought alternately, until we separated in 1818, I in a great measure relieved him by continual sympathy, explanation, and inexhaustible spirits and good humor, from many a bitter fit of hypochondriasm. He avoided teasing any one with his miseries but Tom and myself, and often asked our forgiveness; venting and discussing them gave him relief."

Turn now from these home portrayals of the character of the man to his productions, and you have the whole secret of the joint action of his sensibility and his mental constitution in determining the fate of a poet, whose name is yearly growing into warmer repute and higher esteem, as that of one of the most gifted among the sons of song. It was his intensity of feeling which gave its wondrous power to the mind of Keats, and that, turned inwardly upon himself, destroyed him. A surgeon's apprentice, with the ordinary culture of the middle classes of his countrymen, he throws himself into antique life; and the spirit of Grecian beauty evoked once more to fervid existence, lives, moves, and breathes through his song, as pedants thought it ne'er again could be animated. Mocking the toils of the most accomplished scholars of his time, his scanty materials, warmed by the fire of genius, expand instantly to the proportions of his own imagination, and all the rich and wild, and apt and delicate variations of his country's language, from the days of Chaucer to those of Goldsmith, pour in to meet the needs of the lavish expression required for his prodigal flow of ideas. Truly does his biographer remark when commenting upon this psychological phenomenon—"his seizure of the full spirit of Grecian beauty, and his inexhaustible vocabulary of picturesque and romantic words, elaborating an utterance commensurate with his vast ideas, is quite inexplicable by any of the ordinary processes of mental education." Keats has been fortunate in his present biographer; a poet only can rightly interpret a poet; and Mr. Milnes has brought to his present task a warmth of sympathy, which is the more delightful from being utterly free from all affectations of sentimental brotherhood. In dwelling upon the posthumous justice, the late, the almost reluctant, but full award of fame to Keats, as a man of rare genius, Mr. Milnes makes these emphatic remarks:—

"And this is in truth the moral of the tale. In the life which here lies before us, as plainly as a child's, the action of the poetic faculty is most clearly visible: it long sustains in vigor and delight a temperament naturally melancholy, and which, under such adverse circumstances, might well have degenerated into angry discontent: it imparts a wise temper and a courageous hope to a physical constitution doomed to early decay, and it confines within manly affections and generous passion a nature so impressive that sensual pleasures and sentimental tenderness might easily have enervated and debased it. There is no defect in the picture which the exercise of this power does not go far to remedy, and no excellence which it does not elevate and extend."

"One still graver lesson remains to be noted. Let no man, who is in anything above his fellows, claim, as of right, to be valued or under-

stood: the vulgar great are comprehended and adored, because they are in reality in the same moral plane with those who admire; but he who deserves the higher reverence must himself convert the worshipper. The pure and lofty life: the generous and tender use of the rare creative faculty; the brave endurance of neglect and ridicule; the strange and cruel end of so much genius and so much virtue; these are the lessons by which the sympathies of mankind must be interested, and their faculties educated, up to the love of such a character and the comprehension of such an intelligence. Still the lovers and scholars will be few: still the rewards of fame will be scanty and ill-proportioned: no accumulation of knowledge or series of experiences can teach the meaning of genius to those who look for it in additions and results, any more than the numbers studded round a planet's orbit could approach nearer infinity than a single unit. The world of thought must remain apart from the world of action, for, if they once coincided, the problem of Life would be solved, and the hope, which we call heaven, would be realized on earth. And therefore men

'Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.'

We have spoken of the "full award of fame to Keats, as a man of rare genius;" but we must not be understood, when recording our own warm and sympathetic admiration for his delightful song, as agreeing with the enthusiasts who would rank the performances of his half-developed powers with the matured productions of Byron, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. For while he most assuredly has now a far higher place than that for awhile so patronizingly conceded him, between Chatterton and Kirke White, his most ambitious efforts are still deficient in the great element which gives its *verebrae* to genius. Had Keats survived the ill-starred passion which brought on and hurried his hereditary malady to a premature catastrophe, he would probably have thereafter exhibited that directness of purpose and concentration of power, the want of which is so much felt in his poems. His sensibility stimulated his imagination, but his intellect was not the less oppressed by that sensibility. The three should have acted in unison to make the consummate poet. Had his life attained its flower—or had the crisis of his strongest emotions passed away without destroying him, we might have had another Shakespeare in this creature of wondrous sensibility, to whom the Beautiful was alone an inspiration.

To some readers more familiar with the old reviews of Keats than with the productions themselves, the following exposé of the most noted phase of his literary career will be interesting.

"On looking back at the reception of Keats by his literary contemporaries, the somewhat tardy appearance of the justification of his genius by one who then held a wide sway over the taste of his time, appears as a most unfortunate incident. If the frank acknowledgment of the respect with which Keats had inspired Mr. Jeffrey, had been made in 1818 instead of 1820, the tide of public opinion would probably have been at once turned in his favor, and the imbecile abuse of his political, rather than literary antagonists, been completely exposed. In the very first sentence of his essay, indeed, Mr. Jeffrey lamented that those works had not come under his notice earlier, and, in the late edition of his collected articles, he expresses 'the additional regret that he did not even then go more largely into the exposition of the merits of one, whom he ever regards as a poet of great power and promise, lost to us by a premature death.' This notice in the 'Edinburgh Review' referred principally to 'Endymion,' of which, after a

fair statement of objections to certain exaggerations and imperfections, it summed up the character and value as follows; and I think it nearly impossible to express, in fewer or better words, the impression usually left by this poem on those minds which, from their constitution, can claim to possess an opinion on the question.

"It [Endymion] is, in truth, at least as full of genius as of absurdity, and he who does not find a great deal in it to admire and to give delight, cannot, in his heart, see much beauty in the two exquisite dramas to which we have already alluded [the "Faithful Shepherdess" of Fletcher, and the "Sad Shepherd" of Ben Jonson,] or find any great pleasure in some of the finest creations of Milton and Shakespeare. There are very many such persons, we readily believe, even among the reading and judicious part of the community—correct scholars we have no doubt many of them, and, it may be, very classical composers in prose and in verse, but utterly ignorant of the true genius of English poetry, and incapable of estimating its appropriate and most exquisite beauties. With that spirit we have no hesitation in saying Mr. Keats is deeply imbued, and of those beauties he has presented us with many sterling examples. We are very much inclined, indeed, to add, that we do not know any book which we would sooner employ, as a test to ascertain whether any one had in him a native relish for poetry, and a genuine sensibility to its intrinsic charm."

"This peculiar treatment of the Greek mythology, which was merely repulsive to the unscholarly views of pedants, and quite unintelligible to those who, knowing no more than Keats himself did of the Grecian language, were utterly incapable of comprehending the faculty by which the Poet could communicate with Grecian nature, is estimated by Mr. Jeffrey, with remarkable justice and force; but, perhaps, without a full conception of the process by which the will of Keats came into such entire harmony with the sensuous workings of the old Grecian spirit, that not only did his imagination delight in the same object, but that it was, in truth, what theirs under certain circumstances might have been. He writes,

"There is something very curious in the way in which Mr. Keats, and Mr. Barry Cornwall also, have dealt with the pagan mythology, of which they have made so much use in their poetry. Instead of presenting its imaginary persons under the trite and vulgar traits that belong to them in the ordinary systems, little more is borrowed from these than the general conception of their conditions and relations, and an original character and distinct individuality is bestowed upon them, which has all the merit of invention and all the grace and attraction of the fictions on which it is engravened. The ancients, though they probably did not stand in any great awe of their deities, have yet abstained, very much, from any minute or dramatic representation of their feelings and affections. In Hesiod and Homer they are coarsely delineated, by some of their actions and adventures, and introduced to us merely as the agents in those particular transactions, while in the Hymns, from those ascribed to Orpheus and Homer down to those of Callimachus, we have little but pompous epithets and invocations, with a flattering commemoration of their most famous exploits, and are never allowed to enter into their bosoms, or follow out the train of their feelings with the presumption of our human sympathy. Except the love-song of the Cyclops to his sea-nymph in Theocritus—the Lamentation of Venus for Adonis in Moschus,—and the more recent Legend of Apuleius, we scarcely recollect a passage in all the writings of antiquity in which the passions of an immortal are fairly disclosed to the scrutiny and observation of men. The author before us, however, and some of his contemporaries, have dealt differently with the subject, and sheltering the violence of the fiction under the ancient traditional fable, have created and imagined an entire new set of characters, and brought closely

and minutely before us the loves, and sorrows, and perplexities of beings, with whose nature and supernatural attributes we had long been familiar, without any sense or feeling of their personal character.'

"It appears from the 'Life of Lord Byron' that he was excited by this article into a rage of jealous injustice. The recognition, by so high an authority, of Keats as a Poet, already great and becoming greater, was more than his patience could endure: for though he had been very well content to receive the hearty and honest admiration of Mr Leigh Hunt and his friends, and to hold out a pretended liberal sympathy with their views and objects, yet when they came to see one another closer, as they did in the latter years of his life, the mutual repugnance could no longer be concealed, and flamed up almost into hatred. The noble poet wrote to the editor of the rival review, to send him—'no more Keats, I entreat: bay him alive—if some of you don't, I must skin him myself. There is no bearing the drivelling idiotism of the manikin.' Again he writes, 'Of the praises of that little * * * Keats—I shall observe, as Johnson did when Sheridan the actor got a pension—"What! has he got a pension?"—Then it is time I should give up mine!' Nobody could be prouder of the praise of the "Edinburgh" than I was, or more alive to their censures, as I showed in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." At present *all the men* they have ever praised are degraded by that insane article. Why don't they review and praise "Solomon's Guide to Health?" it is better sense, and as much poetry as Johnny Keats.'

"After this unmeasured language, one is surprised to find Lord Byron not only one of the sharpest reprovers of the critics upon Keats, but emphatic in the acknowledgment of his genius. In a long note (Nov. 1821), he attributes his indignation to Keats's depreciation of Pope, which, he says, 'hardly permitted me to do justice to his own genius which, *malgré* all the fantastic fopperies of his style, was undoubtedly of great promise. *His fragment of "Hyperion" seems actually inspired by the Titan*, and is as sublime as *Eschylus*. He is a loss to our literature, and the more so, as he himself, before his death, is said to have been persuaded that he had not taken the right line, and was reforming his style upon the more classical models of the language.' To Mr. Murray himself, a short time before, Byron had written, 'You know very well that I did not approve of Keats's poetry, or principles of poetry, or of his abuse of Pope—but, as he is dead, omit *all* that is said *about him*, in any MSS. of mine or publication. His "Hyperion" is a fine monument, and will keep his name.' This injunction, however, has been so little attended to by those who should have respected it, that the later editions of Lord Byron's works contained all the ribald abuse I have quoted, although the exclusion would, in literal terms, even extend to the well-known flippant and false, but not ill-natured, stanza of the 11th canto of 'Don Juan.'

John Keats, who was kill'd off by one critique,
Just as he really promised something great,
If not intelligible, without Greek
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
Much as they mig. t have been supposed to speak.
Poor fellow! His was an untoward fate.
'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.

"The excuse offered by Byron for all this inconsistency is by no means satisfactory, and this sort of repentant praise may be attributed to a certain gratification at the notion that Keats had fallen victim to a kind of attack which his own superior vigor and stouter fibre had enabled him triumphantly to resist. In a letter to Murray (1821) Byron writes, 'I knew, by experience, that a savage review is hemlock to a sucking author: and the one on me (which produced the "English Bards," &c.) knocked me down—but I got up again. Instead of breaking a blood-vessel I drank three bottles of claret, and began an answer, finding that there was nothing in the

article for which I could, lawfully, knock Jeffrey on the head, in an honorable way. However, I would not be the person who wrote that homicidal article, for all the honor and glory in the world; though I by no means approve of that school of scribbling which it treats upon.' Keats, as has been shown, was very far from requiring three bottles of claret to give him the inclination to fight the author of the slander, if he could have found him,—but the use he made of the attack was, to purify his style, correct his tendency to exaggeration, enlarge his poetical studies, and produce, among other improved efforts, that very 'Hyperion' which called forth from Byron a eulogy as violent and unqualified as the former onslaught.

"Review people," again wrote Lord Byron, 'have no more right to kill than any other footpads. However, he who would die of an article in a review would have died of something else equally trivial. The same nearly happened to Kirke White, who died afterwards of a consumption.' Now the cases of Keats and Kirke White are just so far parallel, that Keats did die shortly after the criticisms upon him, and also of consumption: his friends also, while he still lived, spent a great deal of useless care upon these critics, and, out of an honest anger, gave encouragement to the notion that their brutality had a most injurious effect on the spirit and health of the Poet; but a conscientious inquiry entirely dispels such a supposition. In all this correspondence it must be seen how little importance Keats attaches to such opinions, how rarely he alludes to them at all, and how easily, when he does so; how lowly was his own estimate of the very works they professed to judge, in comparison with what he felt himself capable of producing, and how completely he, in his world of art, rested above such paltry assailants.'

The Rise and Fall of Louis Philippe. Ex-King of the French, &c. &c. By Benj. Poore. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co.

MR. POORE, in his late capacity as Historical agent of the State of Massachusetts to France, enjoyed most favorable opportunities of studying French Polities and Society, and his capital letters to the Boston Atlas, which have been scattered over the Union, through a dozen appreciating presses, show how well he availed himself of his advantages.

We do not look, of course, for the same animation of style in a biographical work like that before us, yet as much of it necessarily partakes of the character of a compilation, Mr. Poore has here with much tact availed himself of this feature to throw in many entertaining anecdotes relating to his subject and his times.

The Talleyrand-like remark attributed to Napoleon, that "the Bourbons never learned anything and never forgot anything," really seems to have great significance when applied to the Ex-king of the French, when one remembers the long and terrible schooling he had to fit him for his royal station. No eminent individual ever enjoyed a better opportunity of studying mankind, than that forced upon Louis Philippe in his early wanderings. And yet his experience of men and knowledge of political systems seem, when he came to a throne, to be stowed away in his mind, in the form of abstract truths, which were not to be broken up and applied in any way to the requisitions of his station. And yet who would not have prophesied nobly of the energetic Exile, whose early fortunes, when first driven out from his own country, are thus commemorated?

THE WANDERINGS OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

"In April, 1793, Louis Philippe arrived at Coblenz, on the Rhine, where the thronless

Louis XVIII. held his court, but was denied a reception, and passed up the river to Basle. Here he learned that Madame de Genlis and his sister were at Schaffhausen, where he joined them, and the two started for Zurich. Arriving there on the 8th of May, the magistrates refused to grant them a resident's passport, for while the Helvetian aristocracy dreaded the presence of a Prince who had served in the Republican ranks with loud professions of Jacobinism, the French royalist emigrants openly insulted him in the streets, exulting over the imprisonment of his father. In a few days they left for Zug, where, having assumed the incognito of an Irish family, they lived for some weeks in tranquillity, but having been recognised by an old officer of Marie Antoinette's household, the magistrates were reproached for granting them an asylum, and requested that they would withdraw.

"A hundred romantic projects are said to have suggested themselves at this critical moment, for it was evident that they were marked objects of dislike. Count Gustavus de Montjoie, an old friend then at Basle, to whom they wrote for advice, came to give it in person, and after consulting with General Montesquieu of Geneva, it was decided that Mademoiselle Adelilde should be received into the convent of St. Clare at Brengarten. 'As for you,' wrote General Montesquieu, 'there is nothing left for you but to wander among the mountains, stay but a short time in any place, and continue this miserable mode of travelling until circumstances prove more favorable. If fortune should ever be propitious, your life will be an essay, whose details will at some future day be collected with eagerness.'

"General Dumouriez was of the same opinion. 'Embrace,' he wrote to General Montesquieu, 'our good young friend for me. May he gain both instruction and fortitude from his present misfortunes. This insanity will soon pass away, and he will then occupy his proper place in society. Urge him to keep an accurate diary of his travels. It will be novel to see the journal of an Orleans devoted to other subjects than the chase, women, and the pleasures of the table. I am also delighted to think that this work, which he can finish by and by, will serve as a sort of certificate of his life, and be of essential service to him, either in resuming or regaining his station. Princes should, as you say, produce *Odysses* rather than *Pastorals*.'

"Louis Philippe sold all his superfluous effects, and only retained one horse, so that after paying his debts with the proceeds, he found he possessed nearly four hundred dollars. He would also have dismissed his only remaining servant, Baudoin, but that faithful follower persuaded him to let him partake of the sorrows of a persecuted exile, though he was taken so ill that when Louis Philippe left Basle it was on foot, leading the horse upon which his retainer was mounted. He passed for a French lawyer, who was travelling to gather mineralogical specimens, and often had many curious ones given him, which were thrown into the next brook he passed over, instead of being sent to Paris, as the donors credulously believed.

"Most of the principal spots of interest in Switzerland were visited in their turn. The former residences of Rousseau and Voltire, the ruins of Hapsburgh Castle, whose owners have so long sat upon the Austrian throne, and the chapel, where Tell, after escaping from Gesler's boat on the Lake of Lucerne, lay in wait for the tyrant behind a tree, and shot him with his unerring arrow as he passed, were particularly noted in this journal. It also contains many valuable notes on the increase of the glaciers, and on the avalanches, which show that he carefully explored

The Alps
Those palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity.'

"On the evening of the 29th of August, 1793, after toiling all day up a zigzag road, carrying

their heavy knapsacks, Louis Philippe and Baudoin found themselves in a desolate valley, some seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Lofty snow-clad peaks towered all around. There was no vegetation, and the only sign of humanity was the Monastery of St. Gothard, inhabited by monks, who reside in this cheerless spot to assist travellers. '*Che valet*'—what do you want? asked a monk in Italian from the casement, when Louis Philippe pulled the bell. 'I wish refreshment and beds for myself and companion.' 'You cannot have it here,' replied the monk; 'we do not receive pedestrians, particularly travellers of your class.' 'But, reverend Father, I have money enough to pay for what we may have, even though we may not look very smart.' 'No, no,' replied the capuchin, 'this is no place for you, go to the out-building,' and he closed the casement. There was no alternative, and the future King of the French was forced to sleep on straw, in a miserable loft over the stable, set apart for the muleteers and chamois hunters.

"Some weeks after, in the little town of Gordona in the Gordons, he was again refused admittance by the landlady of a tavern, who would not lodge such ragged and ill-looking wanderers. However, as it was very stormy and nearly night, she permitted them to sleep in her barn, after much importuning. Fatigued, and unable to proceed further, the Prince thankfully laid himself down upon some straw, and slept soundly until daylight, when he was awakened by the monotonous sound of footsteps pacing up and down near him. Opening his eyes, he saw to his utter astonishment a young peasant armed with a musket, keeping guard at his side, who coolly replied, on being asked why he thus stood sentry—"My aunt placed me here, with orders to kill you if you made any attempt to rob us; she is an suspicious a body, you must know, as she is stingy." Louis Philippe could not help laughing, but immediately paid the stipulated sum for his wretched accommodation, and dismissed his body guard.

"Crossing the Lake Luzerne, he found on board the ferry-boat a French priest, who had no money, and who would have been ducked by the boatman for his fare, had Louis Philippe not paid it. There was also a merchant on board, who entered into conversation with the passengers, informing them that his name was Mauseda, and that he was an optician connected with an establishment in the Palais Royal of Paris. He spoke very familiarly of the Duke of Orleans, to whom he said he often sold spectacles, and then, to the momentary embarrassment of Louis Philippe, asserted that he was well acquainted with all the members of his family. Little did he think that the young man before him, with threadbare garments, a staff in his hand, and a knapsack on his back, was the Duke of Chartres.

"At Luzerne he received a letter from General Montesquiou, informing him that there was a vacant professorship in the College of Reichenau,—a Mr. Chabaud, who was to have taken it, not having arrived. Louis Philippe determined to accept it, as the best way of preserving his incognito, and of adding to his slender pecuniary resources; and presented himself to Mr. Aloyse Jost, the director of the college, as a candidate. He passed a strict examination, and on the 10th of October, 1793, was received as Professor of Mathematics, the French Language, Geography, and History. Though only twenty years of age, he conformed with cheerfulness to hard fare, early hours, college rules, and strict discipline, every one except Mr. Jost, thinking him the real Mr. Chabaud. While thus engaged, Louis Philippe learned the tragic end of his father, and after fulfilling his duties for eight months with scrupulous punctuality and care, he determined to visit his sister, who was about to leave Bremgarten for Hungary, to reside with her aunt, the Princess of Conti. At parting, the students gave him a snuff-box in testimonial of their respect, and from the officers of the college he received a certificate, ac-

knowledging the useful services he had rendered to the institution. It will be long, says General Cass, before the House of Orleans receives, in the person of one of its members, a reward more worthy the regard of every man interested in the dignity of human nature. Neither was it merely as an instructor that he was successful, for such was the esteem in which he was held by the villagers, that he was elected Deputy from Reichenau.

"Louis Philippe, now Duke of Orleans, left for Bremgarten on foot, and was met a few miles from the convent by his faithful Baudoin, whom he had sent in advance to reconnoitre, fearing that he might be received as at St. Gothard. 'Come on, Monsieur,' said he, 'you need not fear—we shall make a better supper here than with those rascally monks, for I have heard the turning of a spit, and smelt roast chicken, which is far more savory than the cheese which the muleteers gave us.' After his sister Adelaid's departure, Louis Philippe resided with General Montesquiou until 1794, under the name of Corby, and with the title of aide-de-camp, engaged in schemes for establishing a constitutional monarchy at Paris. Some of his letters were intercepted, and only served to increase the suspicion with which he was regarded at Paris, by those terrible and ever-changing rulers who, at that era of desperate energy, governed and died in blood.

"Accidentally overhearing a conversation between General Montesquiou and a visitor, he found that he was not only in danger himself, but that the hospitality he received might prove fatal to his host. Unwilling to expose his generosity to further peril, he determined to leave for Hamburg, where Madame de Genlis was residing, and thence embark for the United States. Conversing with the commercial agent of the United States at Hamburg on his arrival there, he found that the small allowance with which he was furnished by his uncle, the Prince of Modena, would not permit him to take so distant an expedition, and he was forced to postpone it.

"Hamburg was, however, no place for him to remain in, as he was recognised every time he appeared in public. One day an old Royalist refugee, a bad specimen of a good race, openly insulted him, and accosting him in the public streets, demanded, 'What right the son of a regicide had to meet the victims of his father's atrocious conduct, and why he did not hide his head in obscurity or the dust?' Louis Philippe, who was unprepared for this unprincipled and ungentlemanly attack, fell back a few paces, regarded his adversary with a look of stern dignity, and then said, 'Sir, if I have either offended or injured you, I am prepared to give you satisfaction, but if I have done neither, what will you one day think of yourself for having insulted in a foreign land a prince of fallen fortunes, and an honest and independent young man?' On another occasion at Hamburg, Louis Philippe appealed to for relief by a former dependent on the bounty of his father '*Egalité*', but who had rushed from Paris to save his life, and had arrived at the city in question—explained to him that his means were so limited, and his expectations of assistance so scanty, that he really had not the power of doing all he could desire, for one whom his father and mother had regarded with respect and pity. 'But,' added he, 'I have *four* louis left, take one of them; when I shall replace it I know not; make the best use you can of this—we live in times when we must all economize.' The poor, exiled, disconsolate old man was so struck with this proof of generosity, and of filial respect for the object of his father's and mother's bounty, that he declined receiving so much as one out of four louis from the Prince's hands; but Louis Philippe took to flight, and left the unhappy exile weeping with joy and gratitude.

"The Scandinavian peninsula appeared to Louis Philippe a desirable field of travel, as it was not only well worthy of interest, but could be visited at little expense, and was so far from

France, and so little frequented by French emigrants, that he would be secure from malicious pursuit. Passing by Jutland to Copenhagen, a banker on whom he had a letter of credit, made out in favor of Monsieur Corby, a Swiss traveller, procured for him under that name a Danish passport, which included his friend Count Montjoie and Baudoin.

"Elsineur was their first stopping-place where they visited the garden of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, immortalized by Shakespeare's genius. They then took a packet-boat for Gothenburg, whence they left on foot for Norway, stopping to admire the picturesque cascades of Gotha-Elt and the stupendous canal commenced two centuries ago, at Trollhaethan, to connect the waters of the North Sea with the Gulf of Bothnia. Crossing the frontier, the party stopped at Frederickshall, where Charles XII. was killed. How little did Louis Philippe then think that future writers would apply to him the last two lines of Dr. Johnson's stanza, describing the close of that ambitious monarch's life:—

His death was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress and a dubious hand;
He left a name of which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

"Christiana was for some time the exile's residence, and among Louis Philippe's friends was the Rev. Mr. Monod, an enlightened French Protestant clergyman, whose urbanity and gentleness his successors are said to have lost. He regarding Louis Philippe as Mr. Corby, their conversations turned to French democracy, and on one occasion, allusion having been made to the late Duke of Orleans, he observed: 'I have been accustomed to hear much that is disgusting and revolting of the late Duke of Orleans, but I cannot help thinking that he must have had some virtues mixed up with his evil propensities, for no reckless or worthless man could have taken so much pains with the education of his children. His eldest son, I have been assured, is the model of filial affection as well as of all the virtues.' Louis Philippe felt his cheeks suffused with blushes, and M. Monod perceived it. 'Do you know him, then?' asked M. Monod. 'Yes I do, a *little*,' was the reply, 'and I think you have somewhat exaggerated his praises.'

"The next time the venerable Protestant pastor saw him, Louis Philippe was in his own palace at the Palais Royal! M. Monod was at the head of the Protestant Consistory of Paris, and was visiting the illustrious Prince to congratulate him on his return to his native country. When the ceremony was over, the Duke called M. Monod aside, and asked, 'How long it was since he had quitted Christiana?' 'Oh! many years,' replied the excellent man; 'it is very kind of your Royal Highness to remember that I was ever an inhabitant of that city.' 'It is more, then, M. Monod, than you remember of me!' 'Was your Royal Highness, then, ever an inhabitant of Christiana?' asked the astonished pastor. 'Do you remember Mr. Corby—the young Corby?' inquired Louis Philippe. 'Most certainly I do, and I have frequently sought for some intelligence with regard to him, but could procure none.' 'Then I was Mr. Corby,' replied the Duke. 'The rest of the conversation can be easily imagined. Louis Philippe was much attached to the admirable M. Monod, to the hour of his death, and some of his affection for Protestant families, Protestant communities, and the Protestant clergy, can unquestionably be traced to the influence exercised by that gentleman over his mind.'

"On another occasion while at Christiana, his equanimity was disturbed, and at first he feared he was discovered. It is the custom of the inhabitants at a proper season, after having breakfasted, to go into the country, and there pass the residue of the day. After one of these excursions, when the family where the stranger had been received was preparing to return to town, he heard the son exclaim with a loud voice—'The carriage of the Duke of Orleans!' He was recognised without doubt—but how

could it be? Preserving his self-possession, however, and perceiving that the young man did not regard him, he was anxious to learn the cause of this singular annunciation. 'Why,' said he smiling, 'did you call the carriage of the Duke of Orleans, and what relations have you with the Prince?' 'None, indeed,' answered his Norwegian friend; 'but while at Paris, whenever we issued from the opera, I heard repeated from all quarters, "The carriage of the Duke of Orleans!" I have been more than once stunned with the noise, and I just took it into my head to make the same exclamation.'

Continuing his wanderings further north, Louis Philippe took a perilous peep into the Maelstrom. But we must follow him to this country.

"Owing to the prevalence of the yellow fever in the more southern cities, Boston was then unusually thronged with strangers, and Louis Philippe has often since spoken with great satisfaction of the pleasant evenings he passed at the houses of the Hon. H. G. Otis, John Amory, Esq., Col. Pickering, Gen. Knox, and others. He also recollects a Museum which was a place of fashionable resort, dancing assemblies given by Monsieur Dupont, and the humble Roman Catholic chapel, which had just been graced by the pious Cheverus.

Talleyrand was meanwhile busy in making purchases for the West India market, and wishing to visit the lumber contractors in Maine, the Princes joined him. They left Boston in a covered wagon, and passed some days at Newburyport, riding up one bank of the Merrimac to Haverhill, and returning by the other; and it once afforded great pleasure to the compiler of this work to hear Louis Philippe speak in high praise of this beautiful, though neglected river:

'Earth has not anything to show more fair.'

Journeying northward, the Princes were for a week guests at the Martin farm, on the borders of Sagamore creek, near Portsmouth. The Martin homestead is still standing, and some flowers sent from its garden to the Tuilleries after Louis Philippe had ascended the throne, were acknowledged by an autograph letter. At Gardiner they accepted the hospitality of General Henry Dearborn, who occupied a house built in 1755, and destroyed by fire while the first sheet of this work was in press.

Kosciusko had arrived in the United States, and the papers announcing that Lafayette and the Duchess of Orleans were on their way, the Princes returned to New York by Boston, Worcester, Hartford, New Haven, and New London. Letters of introduction given them in Boston procured them a hospitable greeting, and General Cass says that Governor Clinton, Judge Jay, Colonel Burr, and Colonel Hamilton appear to have been well known to Louis Philippe.

One day Talleyrand invited the Princes to join him on a fishing excursion, and they left in a small sail-boat without any attendant. The weather was delightful, the wind fair, and their boat glided along up the East River, the exiles singing some of the glee which they had learned at the Court of Versailles. All at once, they found themselves drawn into a large eddy, in which their frail craft was carried round and round with considerable velocity, and they were forced to ply their oars in order to escape. Louis Philippe used often to speak of Hell Gate, and laugh at the fears of the ex-bishop Talleyrand, which displayed themselves in a continued volley of curses.

The commercial emporium of America was then a comparatively small town, and when a map of New York was exhibited to Louis Philippe in 1838, he could scarce credit its astonishing growth. With the lower part of the city, however, he appeared to be perfectly familiar, and descended on the fine view from the Battery, and the meats at Fly Market, in a manner that would have gladdened the heart of Knickerbocker."

Contrast these varied wanderings, with the brief and exciting adventures of the Duchess de Berri; *the Mother of the next King of France*, as many conjecture, and we most confidently believe:

The Duchess of Berri landed near Marseilles on the night of the 29th May, 1831, her ardent Neapolitan having induced her to believe that as the mother of Henry V., success would crown her movements if she but showed herself in the kingdom. Some drunken sailors betraying the plot to the authorities of Marseilles, the disappointed Duchess was obliged to hasten to La Vendée, where her adventures were of the most hazardous and romantic nature. She assumed the dress of a peasant boy, a dark wig concealing her blond hair, and known as *Petit Pierre*, inhabited miserable hovels, where she ate the coarse food of the shepherds. But the troops were always upon her track, notwithstanding her ingenious evasions and the fidelity of the peasants; she never had an entire night of sleep, and, when daylight came, danger and fatigue woke with her.

To avoid this constant harassing she was induced to go to Nantes, where an asylum had long been prepared for her. To enter the city in safety was the next point deliberated upon by her friends; but the Duchess closed all discussion by saying that she should enter it on foot in the disguise of a peasant-girl, accompanied only by Mademoiselle Eulalie de Kersabie and M. de Ménars. In consequence of this decision they started at six o'clock in the morning from the cottage in which they had slept. The Duchess and Mademoiselle de Kersabie dressed alike as peasants, and M. de Ménars as a farmer. They had five leagues to journey on foot. After travelling half an hour, the thick-nailed shoes and worsted stockings so hurt the feet of the Duchess, that she seated herself upon the bank, took them off, thrust them into her large pockets, and continued the journey barefooted. Having, however, remarked the peasant-girls who passed her on the road, she perceived that the whiteness of her ankles was likely to betray her; she therefore went to the roadside, took some dark-colored earth, and, after rubbing her ankles with it, resumed her walk. Strange contrast this, from the body-guards resplendent with gold and silver, and the double carpet from Persia and Turkey which covered her bedchamber, to have for her escort an old man and a young girl, and walking barefoot on the sand and pebbles of the road! Her companions had tears in their eyes, but she had laughter and consolation on her lips. The country people had no suspicion that the little peasant-woman who tripped so lightly by them was any other than her dress indicated.

At length Nantes appeared in sight, and the Duchess put on her shoes and stockings to enter the town. While traversing the streets, somebody tapped the Duchess on the shoulder; she started and turned round. The person who acted thus familiarly was an old apple-woman, who had placed her basket of fruit on the ground, and was unable by herself to replace it upon her head. 'My good girls,' she said, addressing the Duchess and Mlle de Kersabie, 'help me, pray, to take up my basket, and I will give each of you an apple.' The Duchess of Berri, with her companion, put the load upon the head of the old woman, who was going away without giving the promised reward, when the Duchess seized her by the arm and said, 'Stop, mother, where's my apple?' The old woman having given it to her, she was eating it with an appetite sharpened by a walk of five leagues, when, raising her eyes, they fell upon a placard headed by these three words, in very large letters, 'State of Siege.' This was the decree which outlawed the four departments of La Vendée, and set a price upon the Duchess's head. She approached the placard, and calmly read it through, while the alarm of her companions may be easily imagined. At length she resumed her walk, and in a few minutes reached the

house at which she was expected, where she took off her clothes, covered with dirt, which are now preserved there as relics. She soon afterwards proceeded to the residence of Mlle. Deguigny, No. 3 Rue Haute du Château, where an apartment was prepared for her, and within this apartment a place of concealment. This was a recess within an angle, closed by the chimney of the innermost room. An iron plate formed the entrance to the hiding place, and was opened by a spring. For five months the Duchess remained concealed, and, though the authorities were positively assured she was within the city, no clue to her discovery could be procured.

An apostate Jew, of the name of Deutz, who had formerly been employed by the Duchess at the recommendation of the Pope, was her betrayer. This wretch, whom General Dumoncourt says, he should never pass in the street without bestowing a horsewhipping upon him, did he not think that his horses would be degraded by being afterwards flogged with the same whip, succeeded in discovering her residence, and immediately acquainted the Governor of Nantes with it. The whole neighborhood was invested with military, and a detachment was observed to be in full march towards the house. The Duchess and her companions hastened to the recess; the entrance to this was by no means easy, on account of its smallness. The Duchess insisted upon being the last to enter, and she was in the act of closing the aperture when the soldiers opened the door of the room. The party consisted of four persons, M. de Ménars, M. Guibourg, Mlle. Stylite Kersabie, and the Duchess. Sentries were immediately posted in all the rooms. Drawers, cupboards, and other pieces of furniture were unlocked or broken open. Sappers and masons sounded the floors and walls with hat-hets and hammers. The Duchess and her companions heard workmen hammering with all their might against the wall of the apartment contiguous to her recess, and some of these blows were struck with such force, that the fugitives feared the entire wall would fall and crush them to death.

After a useless search, which lasted during the greater part of the night, the police officers, despairing of success, retired, but left sentries throughout the house, and two gend'armes were stationed in the very room containing the secret recess. The poor prisoners were, therefore, obliged to remain very still, though their situation must have been most painful in a small closet, in which the men could not stand upright even by placing their heads between the rafters. Moreover, the night was damp and cold, so that the party was almost chilled to death. But no one ventured to complain, as the Duchess did not. The cold was so piercing that the gend'armes stationed in the room could bear it no longer. One of them therefore went down stairs, and returned with some dry turf, with which he kindled a fire. This at first was a great comfort to the Duchess and her companions, who were almost frozen; but after a short time the wall became so hot that neither of them could bear to touch it, and the cast-iron plate was red hot. Almost at the same time, though it was not dawn, the labors of the persons in search of the Duchess recommenced. The wall of the recess was struck so violently, that the prisoners thought that they were pulling down the house and those adjoining, so that the Duchess thought that, if she escaped the flames, she would be crushed to death by the falling ruins. During the whole of these trying moments neither her courage nor her gaiety forsook her. In the meantime the fire was not kept up, so that the wall gradually cooled. M. de Ménars also had pushed aside several slates, so that a little fresh air was admitted, and after a while the workmen abandoned their labors in that part of the house.

One of the gend'armes had been asleep throughout all the noise, and was now awakened by his companion, who wished to have a nap in his turn. The other had become chilled dur-

ing his sleep, and felt almost frozen when he awoke. He, therefore, relit the fire; and, as the turf did not burn fast enough, he threw in some newspapers which were in the room. This produced a thicker smoke and a greater heat, so that the prisoners were now in danger of suffocation. The plate, too, became heated to a terrific degree; and the whole place was so hot that they were obliged to place their mouths against the slates in order to exchange their burning breath for fresh air.

"The Duchess, who was nearest the plate, suffered the most; she, however, refused to change her place. The party was now in danger of being burned alive. The place had become red hot, and the lower part of the clothes of the four prisoners seemed likely to catch fire. The dress of the Duchess had already caught twice, and she had extinguished it with her naked hands at the expense of two burns, of which she long after bore the marks. The heat had now become so great, that their lungs became greatly oppressed; and to remain ten minutes longer in such a furnace would have endangered the life of her Royal Highness. Her companions entreated her to go out, but she positively refused. Big tears of rage rolled from her eyes, which the burning air immediately dried upon her cheeks. Her dress again caught fire, and again she extinguished it; but in so doing she accidentally pushed back the spring which closed the door of the recess, and the plate of the chimney opened a little. Mlle. de Kersabie immediately put forward her hand to close it, and burned herself dreadfully. The motion of the plate having made the turf roll back, the gend'armes perceived it, and fancied the heat had driven some rats from a hiding-place. He woke his companion, and they placed themselves, sword in hand, on each side of the chimney, ready to cut in two the first that should appear.

"At the same time the Duchess declared she could hold out no longer, and M. de Ménares kicked open the plate. The gend'armes started back in astonishment, and called out, 'Who's there?' 'I,' replied the Duchess; 'I am the Duchess of Berri; do not hurt me.' The gend'armes immediately rushed to the fire-place and kicked the blazing fuel out of the chimney. The Duchess came forth first, and was obliged to place both hands and feet upon the burning hearth; her companions followed. It was now half past nine o'clock in the morning, and the party had been shut up in their recess for sixteen hours without food. The Duchess was removed to the castle, and thence in November, 1832, to the citadel of Blaye, which was the scene of her dishonor."

All this may before long have a greater interest than the several recent political incidents which are vividly sketched by our author, but with which the public are more or less familiar from the public journals. The French experiment in Republicanism, as was predicted from the first in this paper, will soon work itself out, and the choice between a military despotism, and recurring to the old line of traditional kings, is not unlikely to result in favor of the elevation of the Duke of Bordeaux to the crown of his ancestors.

We may recur to this well-written work hereafter, in connexion with other recent publications upon French affairs.

Works in Press.

[We extract the following from the sheets of Mr. Herbert's forthcoming work, entitled "Frank Forester's Field Sports of the United States and British Provinces of America," a book which we venture to predict the sportsman will hereafter swear by. The author stands alone in the world in this field of writing. The expression is a strong one, but we think a very few words will show that Mr. Herbert can make it good. As an accomplished and popular writer, it is unnecessary to commend him at this day; but the point of capacity upon which we dwell, to make a great sporting book, is this. Col. Hawker, we believe it is, who says that the prime quality of a sportsman is not

to bag such a number of birds in such or such a cover, which is the English gunner's ambition; but for a man to find his game from his knowledge of nature—the ground—the habits of his quarry, &c.—to find it and to subdue himself upon it. Now, Frank Forester, bred up to all the niceties of English shooting, is not only a scholarly naturalist, but a practical American woodsman. His book will give them some ideas in England such as they never had before, save theoretically, of the manifold and varied qualities required by an American practitioner of the genteel art of following dog and gun.]

SPRING SNIPE-SHOOTING.

THE American Snipe,—*Scolopax Wilsonii*, which is commonly known in this country as the English Snipe, but which is undoubtedly a distinct species, winters, as we have seen, in the Southern States, and yet southward of the most southern; being rarely found in the winter northward, or in the summer southward of the Carolinas.

The great multitude breed far to the northward, not only of the United States, but of the British Provinces, in the vast marshy tracts which extend nearly to the Arctic Ocean. Many, however, make their nests and rear their young in the secluded morasses of Maine, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick; and a few pairs here and there throughout the Eastern and Middle States, becoming less frequent as they advance towards the South, so far probably as the north of Pennsylvania.

In Western Canada, in the neighborhood of Amherstberg, they are likewise found during the breeding season, and probably on the southern verge of the Great Lakes likewise.

They are, however, with us, from New Jersey eastward, essentially a spring and autumn passing visitant; and this is their character so far northward as Quebec. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia they may perhaps be regarded as a summer resident; though I am persuaded that their numbers, even there, in the spring and autumn, will be found vastly to exceed the tale of those which remain and rear their young. Throughout the Southern and Western country they are, on the contrary, winter residents.

Now the shooting of these birds in spring, as they are either pairing here preparatory to breeding, or moving northward preparatory to pairing, or even actual breeding, as is the case when they are shot in May—is precisely what it would be to shoot Woodcock in February, March, and April, or Quail so late as to the middle of May; the destruction of the breeders, and consequent diminution of the number of the next year's young, being the same in both cases. The American Snipe lays four eggs; the death, therefore, of every Snipe during spring shooting is equivalent to the death of five of these beautiful and sporting little birds.

This, one would suppose, would be conclusive against the practice; but if he venture to break ground in favor of the abolition by law of this unfair, and I must think, unsportsman-like practice, he is met and silenced by some such exquisite reason as this—that if spring Snipe-shooting were prohibited, we should have no spring shooting at all; and the same exquisite reason is adduced against the only step which can save the Woodcock from extermination, I mean the abolition of summer cock-shooting.

To return, however, to spring Snipe-shooting, as it is.

So soon as the spring is fairly broken, and the frost—to use a common phrase—entirely out of the ground, the Snipe begins to appear upon our meadows. This breaking of the spring, and disappearance of the subterranean frost is, as is well known, very uncertain as regards the time of its occurrence. Some-

times, particularly when the winter has been continuous and severe, spring comes upon us suddenly and remains permanent—with no cold squalls and nipping frosts intermediate—increasing still into perfect summer. At other times, most frequently when the winter has been uncertain, open, and variable, and when the months of January and February have been, as was the case in 1843, unusually mild and genial, there is, as it were, no spring at all, winter lingering into the lap of June. In the year above mentioned, the ground was white with snow in Philadelphia on the first of that month.

In the former of these two kinds of spring, the Snipe compose themselves for a long sojourn, lie well to the dog, grow very fat and lazy, and defer their departure till the weather becomes so warm and dry as to render their migration a matter of necessity. As an example of this, in the spring of 1836, I drove from New York into Orange county, on the 10th of April, in a sleigh, over deep snow; and, within a week afterwards, and thence up to the 10th of June, shot Snipe in abundance in New Jersey, both at Chatham and Pine Brook, on the Passaic.

In the latter there is sometimes no spring shooting at all; the birds merely alighting in *whisks* or small parties, from five to twenty in number, remaining a single day, and then off again Northward, with no tarrying.

For several years, latterly, spring Snipe-shooting has been so indifferent, that few sportsmen have followed it, and the markets have been badly supplied.

The arrival, however, of the Snipe in New Jersey—in Southern New York there is little Snipe-ground—varies from the tenth of March, which is the earliest date at which I have ever seen them plentiful on the Upland meadows, to the fifteenth of April. If they have not arrived at the latter of these dates, it may generally be taken for granted, that the year will have no spring Snipe-shooting.

It must be observed that obtaining great sport in spring Snipe-shooting must always, to those who do not reside immediately on the ground, be more or less a matter of good fortune; since it is not above once in five or six years, that these birds come on and stay under such favorable circumstances, as cause them to settle, as it is termed, to the ground: and, when this is not the case, successive flights arriving, tarrying for a few days and passing onward, it is very possible that a stranger, coming from a distance to shoot, will find the meadows which were yesterday alive with Snipe, entirely deserted, and vice versa.

Still there are signs and tokens both of the weather and of the animal creation—temperatures of the former and coincidences of the latter—by which the observant sportsman may come at conclusions, even at a distance from his ground, and seldom erroneously, concerning the arrival and sojourn of Snipe.

And again, the birds have habits and haunts during various aspects and sudden changes of weather, a thorough knowledge of which will enable one sportsman to fill his bag, while another on the same ground shall make up his mind in despair, that there are no Snipe on the meadows.

There is no bird whose habits I have studied more closely than those of the Snipe, more especially during his vernal visit to our part of the country, for which my residence, nearly adjoining the very finest Snipe-ground, as I believe it even yet to be, in the world, has given me great facilities; and I have it in my power to point out one or two peculiarities—

tending, by the way, more completely to distinguish it from the European species—which have escaped the observation of our great American naturalists, Wilson and Audubon.

I have, moreover, shot them from Delaware southward, to Quebec, in the north; and from the Niagara river to the country about the Penobscot; so that I have not been without opportunity of becoming acquainted in some degree with their habits, throughout the whole geographical area of their spring and autumn migration; and here I would state, though with much deference, as becomes one differing from so high an authority, that neither in this nor in any other of our migratory birds of Game is there so much difference with regard to the time of their arrival and departure within the limits I have named, as Mr. Audubon would make.

That eloquent writer and accurate observer, states the arrival of this bird to be a month later, varying with the season, in Maine than in Pennsylvania; and ten days later yet in Nova Scotia. Now I am satisfied that, unless when the winter is extremely short, and spring unusually warm and early to the Westward, this discrepancy is greatly overrated.

The average commencement of Snipe-shooting, even in Delaware, is not earlier, I am convinced, than the first of April; and, except in uncommonly early seasons, they appear almost simultaneously in New Jersey and New York. Early in April, I have shot these birds in abundance close to the Falls of Niagara; early in April I have shot them in Maine; and at the end of that same month, I have shot them on the upland pastures around Quebec.

On average seasons, that is to say seasons in which the spring is everywhere late and backward, I have found by my own observation, that the arrival both of the Woodcock and of the Snipe is nearly simultaneous, from Pennsylvania to Maine, and I believe, on inquiry, such will prove to be the case.

This is, however, except as a matter of curiosity, tending to throw light on the breeding seasons of our bird in various places, and so as to enable us to legislate with most advantage for his preservation, a matter of small importance; for, from the moment of his arrival in each several locality, until that of his departure, he is incessantly persecuted and pursued; and, as the causes of his arrival are the same in all places, so will, I apprehend, be the signs of his coming also.

The next observation that I would make in this place, is to guard the sportsman in the United States and Canada, from placing the slightest reliance on the maxims, advice, or opinions promulgated, even in the best sporting books published in England, concerning the Snipe, or its congener the Woodcock.

The birds are in every respect different from the European species, as to their habits, haunts, and seasons; and one point of difference alone is sufficient to render all that is laid down with regard to the manner of hunting them there entirely useless here. There they are winter, here more or less summer, birds of passage; so that the localities which they frequent in the two hemispheres are of course nearly opposite.

Not an English book but will tell you, and tell you truly, as regards the English Snipe, that the most favorable weather for the sport is dark, blowing, drizzling days—the very worst conceivable for our bird; which is apt to be as wild as a Hawk in windy weather, while it will sometimes lie till it is difficult to kick it up, on bright, warm, sunny days, with the wind southerly. But of this anon.

In the first place, observe, as regards the

arrival of Snipe on the meadows, that it matters not how fair and mild and warm the weather may be, or may have been for many days, overhead, not a bird will be found until the subterranean frost and ice have been entirely dissipated; which is rarely the case until after a three days' storm of rain, with a stiff easterly blow, succeeded by soft, spring-like weather.

It must here be remarked that, in morasses and bog meadows, whether fresh or salt, the underground frost lasts much longer unthawed than it does on the uplands. In one instance, I remember finding all the meadows as hard as ice below some six inches of soft mud, when the frost had disappeared for many days on the uplands, and when the progress of spring was evident in the bursting buds and springing grass. Of course not a bird was to be found.

The first of the winged harbingers of spring is the beautiful little Blue-Bird; and so soon as he has taken up his residence with us, and commenced cleaning out his accustomed box, or preparing materials for his nest in the hole of a decayed apple-tree, we may be sure that the Snipe is not far distant. When the buds of the willow trees display their yellowish verdure, and the chirping croak of the frogs rises from every swampy pond, we may feel confident that he is to be found on the meadows; but not until the Shad is abundant at the mouths of our rivers, is the Snipe plentiful on the inland morasses.

On his first arrival, he generally hangs for two or three days in small whisks, or, oftener yet, scattered individually, along the salt meadows on the coast, especially in places where fresh springs boil up from the ground, or spring-brooks trickle down from the upland.

At such times, a few straggling birds may be picked up on the south side of Long Island, where the trout-streams, below the pond-dams, overflow the salt meadows, before a solitary Snipe has appeared inland. Then the salt marshes about the mouths of the Raritan, the Hackensack, and the Passaic, attract them in turn for a few days; after which they gradually ascend the courses of those streams to the great tracts of morass and bog-meadow, which are spread out for leagues, the very Paradise of the Snipe-shooter, especially about the last named river.

Here, if the weather is favorable and settled, they remain for many weeks; and may be pursued with much success and sport, by the skilful sportsman, whatever may be the nature of the day, unless it has been preceded by a very sharp frost.

The most favorable time is, undoubtedly, the first fine warm day after a long easterly rain-storm; and, so thoroughly am I convinced of this fact, that for many seasons, while resident in New York, it was my habit to order my horses, and set out on the third day of a north-eastern storm, if the sky showed the slightest prospect of clearing, before the rain had in the least abated. It has more than once happened to me, thus setting off late in the evening, while it was yet raining, to see the sky gradually clear up, and to hear the shrill squeak of the Snipe travelling overhead faster than myself, though in the same direction, before reaching my shooting-ground, scarce twenty miles distant; and I have been amply rewarded for my trouble by an excellent and undisturbed day's sport, over meadows well stocked with birds, and as yet virgin.

In such cases, it will often, however, happen that the weather on the one or more days which can be spared for shooting, proves wild, windy, and unfavorable; yet the sportsman who has travelled from a distance must take it as he finds it—if he reside on the spot he can, and of course will, pick his own days; which, if he be wise, will be those soft, moist, silvery mornings, which so often follow slight hoar-frosts, when the heaven is covered with the thinnest filmy haze, through which the sunbeams are poured down warm but mellow, and when there is just enough of low southerly wind abroad to dry the herbage and to give the dogs a chance of scenting their game.

As the stranger cannot thus choose, it is most important that he should know how to make the best of bad circumstances; for even in the worst weather, if there be birds at all upon his range, knowing his ground and the habits of his bird, he will be able, nine times out of ten, to make a fair day's work.

I once shot three successive days over the Long Meadow, Lewises, the Troy and Parsippany Meadows, from Pine Brook, with a friend, in the very worst weather I ever saw for Snipe shooting—dry, keen, cutting north-easters, with the dust flying one half hour, and the sun shining clear but cold, and hailstones pelting down the next. The birds were, of course, as wild as can be imagined; drumming high up in the air, and performing all kinds of unusual antics; yet, by dint of good dogs, desperate fagging, and a perfect knowledge of our ground, we picked up sixty-two couple of Snipe, besides a few Duck, in the course of three days.

No great work, it is true, nor much to boast of; but, mark me now—during those same three days, two other gentlemen, as good shots as ourselves, perhaps better, beat the same meadows, putting up at the rival tavern, and hunting so exactly the same line of country with ourselves, that we met and conversed with them more than once each day. These gentlemen bagged, in all, eleven Snipe and a Sandpiper; and that for the simplest reason imaginable—they did not know where to look for Snipe in wild weather, while we did.

It is, of course, unnecessary to tell any person acquainted with the first elements of Shooting, that the Snipe feeds, not on suction, but on small worms and other insects, which he collects by boring in moist earth with his long sensitive bill. His favorite feeding-grounds are, therefore, soft, sloppy tracts, where the soil is rich vegetable loam, or bog-earth, interspersed with springs, and sparsely covered with low, succulent grasses;—earth, from the surface of which the waters have recently subsided, and on which a muddy, rust-colored scum has been deposited, on their subsidence or evaporation, abounds with food of the kind they most relish; and in such places they are often seen to feed. But in such, as the ground is either bare or but sparsely covered, they will rarely lie, so as to afford sport, until late in the season, when the young grass has acquired some height—when the sun has gained power, and repose and epicurean habits have rendered the Snipe tame and lazy.

If, however, we can find ground such as I have described, interspersed with tussocky bogs and tufts of long grass, affording shelter to the birds, into which they will run, and among which they will skulk in ordinary weather, so soon as they discover the approach

of intruders, the chance of sport will be very considerable.

In cold, dry winds, however, the birds will not even *feed*, much less lie to the dog, on such ground; and consequently we must in such weather look for them in very different places; places, indeed, in which no books of natural history, that I know, would lead us to seek them, and in some of which the authorities tell us they are never to be found.

But, to proceed in order; the Snipe when flushed *never* rises down wind, the resistance of the air appearing to be necessary to enable him to get under way. On his first rising, which he does for the most part about breast-high, he hangs on the air a little, before he gathers wing, and then darts away *up* wind, if possible, if not, *across* wind, tuck and tuck, with extreme rapidity, and with a zig-zag flight, which renders them puzzling objects to a beginner. I think, however, that to a person accustomed to their motions, they are as easy a bird to kill as any that flies. Mr. Audubon states, in allusion to this supposed difficulty of killing Snipe, that he who can kill thirty in succession, without missing one, is a good hand at any kind of shooting. I suppose Mr. Audubon is speaking ironically; for if by *can kill*, he means *habitually*, or even *frequently kills*, he speaks of impossibility. No man ever lived who *could kill*, in that sense, either thirty Snipe, or thirty of any other bird that flies, in succession. I have seen many crack shots in my life, both here and in England; but I never saw the man, and never expect to see him, who shooting at every bird that rises in distance, can kill four out of five under the most favorable circumstances, day in and day out. He who bags three out of five, in covert and out of covert, from March Snipe to December Quail, is a top-sawyer; and can hold his own anywhere, and against any one.

Some men may perhaps kill twenty *shots* in succession, picked out of fifty birds which ought to have been shot at; but my word for it, they will get easily beaten by the man who pretends to no such feat, but who pulls his trigger, whenever there is a chance of killing.

The real test of shooting, no less than of sportsmanship, is the finding and bagging the greatest number of birds within a given time, without the smallest reference to the number of shots fired.

The surest of all ways to ensure the never becoming a good shot, is to be afraid of missing. Shoot at every thing that rises within distance, remembering always, as an old Yorkshire game-keeper, by whose side I bagged my first Snipe, some eight-and-twenty years ago, was wont to admonish me, that 't' Snipe was i' t' maist danger. If you miss, say with Jacob Faithful, "better luck next time," and endeavor to observe and remember how and why you missed him; whether you shot above, below, or to the right or left of him; this will give you steadiness and coolness at first: and, when you succeed in remembering, will have done much already towards preventing you from missing fair shots at least. For the rest, birds *will* dodge, at times, just when the trigger is drawn; boughs *will* be in the way; the sun *will* shine in the face of the best shots—moreover, the steadiest nerves *will* sometimes be shaken or unstrung, and the quickest finger *will* be a thumb on some days to the best sportsman.

I know a right good shot, and a good sportsman too, and a good friend of mine to boot, who does not pretend to kill quite three out of five, year in and year out; but who is wont to

say, which is very wrong of him, though I believe perfectly true, that he'll be d——d if he can't beat any man who can kill twenty shots in succession.

So much for thine encouragement, my young beginner.

Good shots *have* killed twenty shots in succession; perhaps more, even in thick covert; but that's a very different thing from saying *can kill* them. That, I am satisfied, no man ever did, nor ever will do.

This, though applicable especially to Snipe, is true of all sorts of Game. After the observation, which has led me to this little digression, Mr. Audubon remarks that he has found the best moment for pulling the trigger on a Snipe, to be that in which he utters his peculiar shrill squeak; and in this I perfectly agree with him; for the Snipe utters that cry *as he rises*, and before he gathers way; and I am convinced that the most killing way to shoot this bird, is to shoot at him during the instantaneous point of time in which he hangs on the wind—that is to say, to pull the trigger the very instant the butt of your gun touches your shoulder.

The old school method was to wait till the bird had done twisting, and was at some forty yards distance; but all that stuff, like taking a pinch of snuff after a bird rises and before raising the gun, was well enough for the days of long single-barreled guns with flint locks. A good shot of the present day would knock over his dozen couple of right and left shots—not in succession, gentle reader—while one of those coaches was painfully picking his half dozen. *Ceteris paribus*, the quickest shot is the best shot.

Another maxim of the same age and the same school is, that the best dog over which to shoot Snipe is an old broken-down, slow Pointer—perhaps he is for a pot-hunter! Indeed, I believe, nine times out of ten, as many birds, perhaps *more*, could be bagged without a dog at all; or with a Newfoundland or Water Spaniel, kept entirely at heel, and only used to retrieve the dead or cripples; but where would be the sport of such slow gunning?

The best dogs for Snipe are the best dogs that can be got for the money—the bravest, fastest, most industrious, and best broken—Setters, for my use, seeing that I prefer 'em for all purposes; but Pointers, if you will.

If they be staunch, and have good noses, and back well, and drop to shot, where they are, without stirring from the spot, and without being shotted at, they cannot be *too fast*; and, if they will not do these things, it matters not whether they be fast or slow—they are worthless.

The most effective-sized shot for Snipe-shooting is unquestionably No. 8. With coarser shot, the charge will be so much dispersed that so small a bird as the Snipe will constantly escape being hit, even when covered fairly; with smaller, birds will continually be wounded only, within point blank distance; and will frequently go away entirely unharmed. Further than this, it is very rare to find a lever-topped belt or flask—which is by far the best implement for carrying shot—that will not suffer any shot smaller than No. 8, to escape, even when the spring is down.

Many English writers, I observe, recommend the use of two different sized kinds of shot, one in either barrel; but this is, in my opinion, neither sportsmanlike nor effective. In all events, the barrels of a gun ought to be fired alternately; otherwise, as five single shots are fired for one double, one barrel will be worn out while the other is, comparatively

speaking, new. My own experience has taught me that for all our Upland shooting, except that of the Pinnated Grouse, at all seasons of the year, No. 8 is the most effective shot. It will break the pinion of a Ruffed Grouse at fifty yards, and that is all that can be desired; and when fired from a close shooting gun, properly brought to bear, will riddle its target thoroughly at the same distance. All that is gained in weight and power by the use of larger shot, is lost in the condensation of a charge. This will be easily understood when the reader is informed that an ounce of No. 8 shot contains six hundred grains, or pellets, while No. 7 contains but three hundred and forty-one; so that at the same distance, with the same gun, the chances are nearly as two to one in favor of hitting a small mark with No. 8 over the larger shot; the greater the distance, the greater the advantage in this respect of the smaller pellets; inasmuch as all shot are propelled on diverging lines; and consequently, the longer the range the greater will be the interval between the grains.

When birds are very wild, however, I strongly recommend the use of Eley's wire cartridges, of the same No. 8 shot, which I consider an invention in gunnery second only to percussion. I will state here briefly, for the benefit of those who have not seen this missile, that the object of the contrivance is to propell the charge, like a single ball, for some fifteen or more yards from the gun's muzzle. After this distance the case bursts, and the shot diverges as in an ordinary charge. The gain, therefore, in distance, is precisely that to which the case is driven unbroken. This differs in three different kinds of cartridges, blue, red, and green. The last of these must never be used, except in fowl-shooting on the bays, as the range is prodigious, and on Upland dangerous. The *blue*, which is the common kind, will increase the range of every gun, in closeness as in strength, from fifteen to twenty yards; and the *red* from twenty to forty. The more heavily you charge with powder, the *more closely* will the cartridge carry; the converse of this proposition being true of loose shot.

It is useless, however, for any person to use Eley's cartridge, who is not cool enough to let a bird which gets up under his feet, go away twenty yards before firing at him; and who cannot shoot well enough at forty, with an exceedingly close carrying gun. I have shot Snipe, when very wild, and Quail in open ground, very late in the season, with blue cartridges in my first, and red in my second barrel, and that with great success. I would, however, prefer the use of loose shot, and a blue cartridge.

With regard to dress, it may be well here to say a word or two; for Snipe shooting is a difficult and dirty business, as far as the walking is concerned, and requires an athletic frame, and a hardy constitution. For my own part, I have never found any contrivance succeed in keeping the feet dry; for a single fall, or heavy splash, things of common occurrence, will fill the tops of the longest and most secure water-proof boots. Indian rubber is an abomination; as, if it excludes water, it also excludes air, prevents ventilation, and enclosing all the excretions and transpirations of the pores, is equally uncomfortable, unwholesome, and filthy. The moment boots are full of water, they are a dead weight, and of course a disadvantage; I have, therefore, in all ordinary ground, long abandoned the at-

tempt to keep dry; and invariably used broad-angled boots of heavy cowhide, for all sorts of sporting. They may be worn either with short garters and trowsers; or, what I consider in every particular superior, and especially in the facility they give to movement in encumbered ground, or among brushwood and stumps, knee-breeches, and leather leggings, buttoned on the outside. The breeches may be made of corduroy or fustian for spring and winter, of duck or drilling for summer shooting; and, if made long and loose from the hip to the knee, I believe no walker who has once adopted them in this climate will ever return to heavy boots and trousers.

If, however, the Snipe-shooter is determined on endeavoring to keep himself dry, he had better provide himself with long boots from Canada, which he can procure, perfectly water-proof and of excellent quality, of any maker in Montreal or Quebec, for eight dollars a pair; whereas the same, not equally well-made, would cost him double the price, in New York. I will here, for her state, that Mr. Cullen, No. 119 Broadway, New York, is the only workman on this side the Atlantic, whom I know, that can turn out a real-working-shooting-boot or shoe.

If you adopt my plan, reader mine, you must make up your mind to get wet through in five minutes after going out, and to continue wet through, until your return home at night; but believe me, as in many other cases, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui conte*, the first shock is all that you have to dread; the water within the shoe immediately becomes warm, by contact with the foot, and you think no more about it, after five minutes; while in a long day's fatigues the absence of the heavy, dragging, water-logged jack-boots will make a difference in favor of your comforts that words can hardly describe.

About a shooting-jacket, I have only to say that it cannot be too easy or have too many pockets. For material, every man has his own fancy; I prefer strong corduroy for winter, and drilling or Russia duck for summer. Game pockets, filling the whole inside of both skirts, will be found to carry a large bag with much less exertion to the sportsman than the ordinary game-bag.

A low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat is as good for open shooting as any other head gear; but for covert work, a close skull-cap, with a long peak, is the thing.

The best preparation for keeping boots, or leather leggings, soft, is *carrier's dubbing*, which can be procured of any tanner. The best water dressing is equal parts of tar, tallow, and Venice turpentine, melted together in an earthen pipkin, and brushed slowly and gradually into the leather, before a slow fire, with a painter's sash-tool. This should be repeated every time the boots are used; and it is well to observe that sun heat is far superior to fire-heat for the drying of wet boots; and that it is scarcely possible to dry saturated leather too slowly.

These short memoranda, with regard to dress, will do once for all; they are equally applicable to all seasons and sports; and I am not aware that anything more of real advantage could be said in a volume on this subject.

Now fully equipped with all things necessary for our sport, we will take the field; and supposing the morning to be favorable, with a light breeze from the south-westward, the sky sunny, yet shadowed by floating clouds, the herb ge underfoot dry, but the soil moist, and succulent, we may make sure of sport.

Poetry.

ONWARD.

A LESSON FROM HORICON.*

Lake Horicon's enchantment reigned,
The ledge led, the bright,
The chimes of song rang o'er its wave
That moonlit summer night.

A liquid track the sparkles formed,
For Nature's muse to thread,
The smile I longed to win from her,
Allured me where it led.

How gracefully I glided on,
Life loosed its curb of care,
Until the mountain shadows crossed
My path and visions rare.

But 'mid a dark uncertain course
The spirit ne'er should rest,
So onward with a boding o'er
And swifter keel I pressed:

And when my prow had passed the gloom,
The path before me lay,
Whose rippling waves in cadence sung
The charm of moonlight ray.

I drew a moral thence, for those
Who faint when glory's track
Is shadowed by the many woes
That warn the voyager back.

Oh! never turn thy helm aside
When noble is the goal,
Press onward—destiny's the child
Of force within the soul.

Ne'er 'eckward look, and thou shalt see
The star of triumph shine;
Despair's approaching gloom can make
Hope's energy sublime.

CLEMENT D. NEWMAN.

Brookyn N.Y.

Glimpses of Books.

We take the following from "The Gap of Barne-more,"—a tale of the Irish Highlands and the Revolution of 1688. Our first extract gives a lively description of an attempt made by an officer of James II., to capture a castle held by one of the Protestant gentlemen of Donegal county:—

"The brave band who defended the castle made no attempt to disguise from themselves the extent of the peril that surrounded them. Enough had been told them by their comrades, to assure them that the force approaching against them was overwhelming in numbers. They looked at each other in the light of a lamp which swung dimly and heavily in the hall, with the aspect of men who felt that they might never see the morning light. Upon no man's countenance, however, appeared the traces of either fear or agitation; on the contrary, a calm, resolute determination was stamped on the lineaments of each countenance as they were parting in the hall, each to assume the station determined upon. From his secure position over the door, Spencer was able to reconnoitre perfectly the assailants as they approached. They were now crossing the bridge by which the avenue was carried over the moat. At the head of the party rode a body of horsemen, about thirty strong, in military uniform and array; a dense mass of infantry, which followed, advanced with a regularity which proved that they too were disciplined soldiers. Immediately on crossing the horsemen defiled a little to one side. The infantry passed on in regular ranks, disclosing a body which could not be less than a hun-

red strong. The leader of the party, in whom Spencer recognised, even in the imperfect light, the figure of Carroll, pointed to the corner of the castle immediately before them, in which the great hall door was situated; the whole party instantly advanced at a pace between running and walking, and Spencer perceived that the centre of the battalion carried with them a machine in the nature of a battering-ram, with which it was intended to assail the door. A little time appeared to be spent by the assailants in consultation, and all was silent for several minutes. Again, however, a strong party of footmen rushed over the bridge with that wild howl which proclaimed that they were Irish robbers and rapparees. Maddened by the fumes of intoxicating liquors, which Carroll had distributed to them during the intervals of pause, these savages rushed blindly, without any attempt at discipline or regularity, to the door. With the fierce shouts of men hungry for blood and the plunder which had been promised them, they swung, under the galling fire which poured down upon them, the battering-ram against the door. Its stout oaken timbers echoed to the blows with which it was assailed. Well, however, did the good old door do its duty on that fearful night, and well did its brave defenders from above do theirs. One after another of the savages that worked the battering-ram, fell dead at their work, from the bullets that were shot straight at them from the loop-holes over the door. As each fell, however, another took his place; while meantime a party of more disciplined troops drawn up just inside the bridge endeavored in some degree to protect the party at the door, by directing a continuous fire at the windows and battlements of the castle. But one of these shots told; the eldest son of James Morris, a fine young man of about twenty-one years of age, inadvertently showing himself at a window, received a shot through the brain, and fell lifeless in his father's arms. It was no time for sorrow; the father carried the corpse of his son and laid him calmly and gently on the bed in the room next to that in which he had been shot. He gazed for a second calmly and fixedly upon his face, and saying, as he bowed his head, 'God's holy will be done,' he laid upon the table the solitary and dim lamp with which one of his companions had lighted him to his dismal task; he then left the room, and retiring to his place where he had been stationed, reloaded his musket without apparently a struggle of emotion."

The following passage from the same book, possesses some interest, from the evidence it gives of the feelings of a mother who fears the dishonor of her child. To understand it the reader must know that Spencer is a Protestant soldier of some renown, who is supposed to be the accepted lover of a lady of his own rank and faith; he is suddenly confronted with the mother of Adeline Gray, a lowly and despised maiden, the more so, as her mother bore the unenviable reputation of being a witch:

"William Spencer, my daughter has been with you here?" "She has," replied Spencer; who, even if under any circumstances he would have hazarded an untruth, believed it would be utterly useless to deny what it appeared his informant was as well acquainted with as himself. "Alone?" said the other, squeezing together the muscles of the arm she had grasped. "Yes, yes," said Spencer, absolutely smarting with the pain that vice-like grasp was indicating. "Stop, stop," said she,

* The Indian name of Lake George, N. Y.

as she perceived him struggling to release his arm, "if my hand hurts you —" "It does," interrupted Spencer. "If my hand hurts you, it may save both you and me from great pain hereafter; listen to me now." "I am listening," said Spencer, endeavoring patiently to bear the pain, which was become almost intolerable. She let go his arm, and drawing her clenched hand close to his features, she said in a tone like thunder:

"My daughter was with you here,—here in this lonely place, in the dusk of the evening, almost in the darkness of the night; tell me what brought her here?" Her eyes absolutely glared with passion, and her lips became white with rage, as Spencer made no reply to this interrogatory, which, after all, was not very unnatural for a mother to put. "I know, I know," she cried in a fury, "how you sassenach lords look down upon the ancient princes of the land; but look you, William Spencer, blood as pure as ever ran through your veins is in hers; look you, William Spencer, the breasts of Mary O'Donnell nursed that child, and if dishonor ever crosses her path, by the living God there is a vengeance for the man that brings it on her, that will blast and consume him from the face of the earth." "Dishonor!" cried Spencer, terrified at her energy, and shocked at her suspicions. "Aye, dishonor!" she cried in a voice whose deep tones shook her entire chest, and absolutely vibrated like the notes of an organ in that of the person whom she addressed. "Do you not understand me? Would you make the mother speak more plainly? Shame, shame upon your honor, on your manhood, to break the heart of an artless girl that has no one to protect her but a wandering mother! Noble soldier! great Protestant hero! listen, listen!" she cried, vehemently grasping his arm with a squeeze to which the former one was that of a child, as Spencer in vain attempted to stop this burst of wasted indignation. "Listen to a mother—little as you think of this, I tell you now, as sure as there is a God in heaven, if Adeline Gray ever knows a day's disgrace by you, you'll curse the day when you were born to be the blasted thing you will be." "Madam," cried Spencer passionately, forgetting, in his horror at her imputations, the physical pain she was compelling him to undergo, "you wrong me; I would die to save your daughter from grief, or pain, or shame." "Don't dare to play upon me; did you not talk of love to my daughter to night?" "You are her mother," said Spencer, "and you have a right to know. I did talk of love,—but hear me out. It was the first time, and it was to offer her my heart and hand at the altar, a hand of which not even the daughter of the O'Donnell need be ashamed." "You this evening offered marriage to Adeline Gray?" "I did." "Were you serious and true in what you said? False men have made these promises before now." "As I stand in the sight of God, I was solemnly and earnestly serious and true!" The solemnity of this assertion appeared to overcome the credulity of the mother; she looked for some minutes into the river, and then turning her head to Spencer, she said:—"How were you to be married?" "At the altar of her own faith." "But after you were married, you would make her a heretic from that faith?" "Never," said Spencer, "she shall be free to worship God as she thinks right."

Miscellany.

AT PARTING.

I have examined and do find,
Of all that favor me,
There's none I grieve to leave behind,
But only, only thee:
To part with thee I needs must die,
Could parting separate thee and I.

But neither chance nor compliment
Did element our love;
'Twas sacred sympathy was lent
Us from the Quire above.
That friendship Fortune did create
Still fears a wound from Time or Fat.

Our changed and mingled souls are grown
To such acquaintance now.
That each would resume his own,
Alas! we know not how.
We have each other so engross
That each is in the union lost.

And thus we can no absence know,
Nor shall we be confined;
Our active souls will daily go
To learn each other's mind.
Nay should we never meet to sense
Our souls would hold intelligence.

Inspired with a flame divine,
I scorn to court a stay;
For from that noble soul of thine
I ne'er can be awry
But I shall weep when thou dost grieve,
Nor can I die while thou dost live.

By my own temper I shall guess
At thy felicity
And only like my happiness,
Because it plemeth thee.
Our hearts an any time will tell
If thou or I be sick or well.

Thy blear soul in me shall lie,
And all thy thoughts reveal,
Then back again with mine shall fly,
And thence to me shall steal,
Thus still to one another tend:
Such is the sacred name of friend.

A PUZZLE FOR ANTIQUARIANS.—A dead alligator, as newspaper readers may remember, which was lately found floating in the bay of New York, awakened much speculation among naturalists; the recent discovery of the skeleton of another, almost as far north in New Jersey, is therefore not a novelty of wonder in these regions, except from the immense size of the latter, and from a matter of most curious antiquarian interest connected with his exhumation.

This last alligator or crocodile, measuring thirty feet in length, was found at Eatontown, N. J., about ten miles from Long Branch, while digging for marl. The skeleton lay about six feet beneath the surface in a stratum of green sand; and underneath this skeleton, as if it had dropped from the mouldering stomach of the monster, was found an ancient coin! This coin is described to us by an intelligent correspondent, who has handled it, as about the size of a dollar; its composition, in which there is a large share of silver, being probably Corinthian brass. On the face of it is the figure of a lion, with the date 6—48 in Arabic numerals: on the reverse, amid several illegible letters, the fragmentary words,—"ARG. PROCON. LATIA NO." may be deciphered, surrounding two larger letters, in the centre one of which is the Greek II with an R interwoven with it.

We understand that the whole of this curious matter is to be brought before some antiquarian society in the regular mode, with all the necessary testimony as to facts particular of the discovery. But while those learned gentlemen are puzzling themselves as to the pro-consulship in which this coin was cast, and calling in the aid of the geologist to account for its locality, our quick-minded readers will instantly jump to the honest conclusion, that this crocodile, who found his burial amid

the sands of New Jersey, had, two thousand years ago, half digested some Roman soldier in the rivers of Africa, ere he floated westward for a new-meal with the poor fellow's last coin still preserved in his maw!

A correspondent of the *Athenaeum* has discovered that Paley's *Natural Theology* is copied from a series of papers which appeared about the end of the 17th century, in the *Leipsic Transactions*, by a Dutch philosopher, named Nienwentyt. It is extraordinary that this discovery was not made before, seeing that the papers, after having been published at Amsterdam about the year 1700, were afterwards translated into English by Mr. Chamberlayne, and published by Longman and Co. in 1818, about fifteen years after Paley's *Natural Theology* appeared. As Paley quotes Nienwentyt, from the *Leipsic Transactions*, he, of course, must have known of and perused them. Parallel passages are printed side by side in the *Athenaeum*.

The two first volumes of the Rt. Hon. T. B. Macaulay's *History of England* will be published in England in the course of the present autumn; and, of course, in no long time thereafter an American edition will be in the market.

The Six First Books of Euclid's *Elements* have been lately published in England with colored diagrams, in order that they may be "more speedily comprehended and permanently impressed upon the memory."

Literature is quite at a stand on the continent of Europe, little of consequence appearing beyond political pamphlets. Our list this week is exceedingly scanty; and on this occasion we have dispensed with our accustomed classification as needless extending what can now be taken in with a glance of the eye.

At the late meeting of the British Association an explanation was given of the various applications of gutta percha. "One curious exhibition was a hollow tube of this substance about one hundred yards in length, through which the breath of one party was directed to a flute, whilst another party played on the stops and keys, and the two thus playing separate parts produced a perfect tune. The object of this exhibition was to illustrate a plan proposed by the lecturer (Mr. Wishaw) for a speaking telegraph, by means of which one party could convey his voice for three-quarters of a mile."

The American Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its next meeting on the 20th inst. at Philadelphia.

At the late commencement (Aug. 22), at Harvard College, the degree of A. B. was conferred on the fifty-nine members who constituted the graduating class. Henry Hallam of London, Joel Parker, Theron Metcalf, Reuben Hyde Walworth, and Louis Agassiz, received the degree of Doctor of Laws; and the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on the Rev. Joseph Allen of Northborough, Rev. E. B. Hall, Rev. Wm. B. Sprague, and Rev. G. O. K. Stuart.

Aug. 24 was Phi Beta Kappa day, "or rather the day for the annual meeting of the Harvard Alpha of the Fraternity. This branch consists in the main of graduates of the University, together with about sixteen of

the under-graduates, who are immediate members, and by whom sixteen additional members are chosen from lower classes. The choice, as a general rule, falls upon the scholars highest in college rank in each class, and the society may therefore be considered fairly entitled to the character given it on a late occasion by ex-President Quincy, as the '*élite representative*' of the learning and talent of the University. The orator of the day was the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford; the poet, Epes Sargent, Esq., Editor of the *Boston Transcript*." Dr. Bushnell's subject was "The Motives of Action;" Mr. Sargent's poem was on the "Conflict of Opinions" on all subjects which characterizes the present age. Both gentlemen acquitted themselves with much ability. Dr. B.'s address is to be published.

Mr. John M. Kemble is preparing a history of England anterior to the Norman Conquest. It will be entitled "The Saxons in England," and will soon be published.

Alison is superintending the preparation of an Epitome of the History of Europe, from the commencement of the French revolution in 1789 to the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815.

The author of "Essays written in the Intervals of Business" has just produced the first volume of a new work entitled "The Conquerors of the New World and their Bonds-men; being a Narrative of the Principal Events which led to Negro Slavery in the West Indies and America."

SALMON FISHING BY OTTERS.—In ascending a river, if the banks will admit, the otter invariably leaves the water at the rapids, and takes the shore to the next pool; so that, if there is an otter on the stream, his *up-track* is sure to be found at those places. In returning, however, he will often float down the rapids with the current. The prints which I found in the sand had been made during the night. There was a chance that the otters had not returned, and I climbed into the oak over the pool to see what might come down. Enveloped in the screen of leaves which the brightness of the surrounding sun made more obscure within, I had a view up the rapid above, and into the pool beyond. I had sat in the oak for about half an hour, with my eyes fixed on the stream, and my back against the elastic branch by which I was supported, and rocked into a sort of dreamy repose—when I was roused by a flash in the upper pool, a ripple on its surface, and then a running swirl, and something that leaped and plunged, and disappeared. I watched without motion for some moments, but nothing came up, and I began to doubt that it was only one of those large, lazy salmon, which neither the wing of the peacock nor bird of paradise, nor any other delusion in gold or silver, can tempt to the surface, but which, after refusing all which art can offer, comes weltering up from the bottom, and throws himself splash over your line! Just as I was thinking how often he had treated me with this impertinence, in that same place—I saw two dark objects bobbing like ducks down the rapid—between the two pools—but immediately as they came near, distinguished the round, staring, goggle-eyed heads of two otters, floating one after the other, their legs spread out like flying squirrels, and steering with their tails, the tips of which showed above the water as the rudder of an Elbe scuite. Down they came, as flat as floating skins upon the water, but their round short

heads and black eyes constantly in motion, examining with eager vigilance every neuk and rock which they passed. I looked down into the pool below me—it was clear as amber—and behind a large boulder of granite, in about eight feet of water, I saw three salmon—a large one lying just at the back of the stone, and two smaller holding against the stream in the same line. (The otter pursue the large salmon).

The skill with which they pursued their game was like that of a well trained greyhound in a course—whenever they came to the throat of the pool, they pressed the fish hard to make him double into the clear water, and one was always vigilant to make him rise or turn, the increased efforts of which exhausted his strength. With equal sagacity they worked him at the tail of the pool to prevent him descending the rapid. Twice, in returning, as the fish doubled round the boulder behind which he had originally lain, the nearest otter made a counter-turn in the opposite direction, and caught the salmon as they met, silverying the water with a flash of flying scales. With this race the fish began to tire, and the otters continued to press him, till at last all three appeared turning, and struggling, and knitting together, in the deep water—came up to the surface in a heap, rolled over and over, the otters coiled in a ring, and the fish splashing between them, and striking the water with its tail, till suddenly all disappeared, and left a thick circle of bubbles. In a few moments they rose again, skimmed on the surface, turned over, and spun round like a wheel; but by this time one of the otters had fixed the fish behind the shoulder fin, and both were working towards the further bank. Opposite to the "salmon stone," where the fish had originally lain, and where his predecessors had lain ever since the boulder was left in the bottom of the river, there was one of those green tumuli called "*Cairn Dòbhtrain*," the otters' heap, formed where they and their "forbears" have sat to eat their prey—and by the remains which they have left, perhaps for three hundred years. It was, as they generally are, a little, smooth, green heap, verdant from the rich manure of scales and fish bones—a round, velvet cushion, which, had it been convenient, would have made a much pleasanter seat for Sir Palomides or Sir Tristem, than the mole hills on which they sat to draw breath from their battle. Thither the otters retired, not only to draw breath, but something else equally agreeable to them. As they dragged the fish up the bank he appeared quite dead, and they had just reached their heap when there came a whistle from the Logie Brae, and a whoop which startled them from their busy work. For a moment they watched and lisened, then slid to the water's edge like eels, hearkened again, turned their long curved whiskers over the edge of the pool, and slipped into the water without leaving a ripple on the surface. The whoop and the whistle died away, but they never returned or gave the slightest eddy, rise, or bubble, that might tell how or where they left the pool. I could easily have shot them both during their hunt, and more surely when trailing the fish up the bank, for they were not thirty paces distant, and my double gun was loaded with B.B.; but the intense interest of their chase left no other thought, and I was curious to see the end of their proceedings, when they were interrupted by the base varlet who disturbed the harmony of nature upon the top of the brae. Seeing there was nothing more to be done, I descended from my

tree, and carried home the salmon, which weighed twelve pounds and a half.—*Tales of the Deer Forest.*

A CHEROKEE AT BUENA VISTA.

B. F. Ross, adjutant of the Arkansas regiment, who fought with such distinguished bravery at Buena Vista, and was afterwards rewarded for his meritorious behavior, by promotion from the ranks to the adjutancy of that regiment, is a Cherokee, and has numerous relations in the Cherokee nation, although he has not lived there for many years, having adopted Arkansas as his home.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RIO BRAVO.

Imagine four of the crookedest things in the world, then imagine four more twice as crooked, and then fancy to yourself a large river three times as crooked as all these put together, and you have a faint idea of the crooked disposition of this almighty crooked river. There is no drift in it, from the fact that it is so crooked that timber can't find its way far enough down to lodge two sticks together—but few snakes, because it is not straight enough to swim in, and the fish are all in the whirlpool in the bends, because they can't find their way out. Birds frequently attempt to fly across the river, and light on the same side they started from, being deceived by the different crooks! Indeed, you may be deceived when you think you see across it, and some of the b'hoys say it is so darned twisting there isn't but one side to it.

Recent Publications.

Orators of the American Revolution. By E. L. Magoon. New York: Baker & Scribner.

THE style of this book, though somewhat of the stilted order, is not wanting in eloquence, and Mr. Magoon's fluent florid periods will probably commend his theories to popular acceptance, much better than would a less oratorical pen. The very classification of his subjects will show the enthusiastic spirit with which our author entered upon his work. We have James Otis, "The Orator of Intrepid Passions," Samuel Adams, "Last of the Puritans," Josiah Quincy, "Orator of Refined Enthusiasm," John Hancock, "Dignified Cavalier of Liberty," Joseph Warren, "Type of our Martial Eloquence," &c., &c.

We quote the following remarks upon Fisher Ames, as characteristic of our author's style.

"Acute sensibility, the inseparable concomitant of genius, and potent auxiliary of reason, was finely developed and copiously abounded in Fisher Ames. A mind kindled with enthusiasm unfolds its grandeur in the light of its own flames, as the sea is never more grand than at night when it heaves, storm-tossed and brilliant, with the illumination of its own phosphorescence. When fully aroused in debate, Ames frequently trembled from head to foot; he wept in irrepressible emotion, and paused in the struggle to embody the inarticulate eloquence of his heart. He bent under the reflex passions he aroused in others, and then in turn bowed them under the augmented weight of his own."

"The great orators of antiquity labored long and passionately to develop their own sensibilities, and, in speaking, to make their heart a mighty auxiliary to their intellect. They strove to feed the fires of their eloquence with the choicest materials, selected from the most glowing sources; not as dry quotations, frigid ornaments tagged to the limping dullness of their own stupid thoughts, but as spontaneous contributions of volcanic heat and power, kindling

where they fell and blending with the flames they augmented. Their minds were rich with the selectest stores of elegant literature, and as some pertinent maxim or splendid illustration occurred in extemporaneous discourse, the gem grew suddenly brilliant amid the coruscations of inflamed fancy, while the orator poured his whole soul into his quotation, and sent it, revivified and blazing, to every enraptured bosom. This power of reproducing familiar thoughts with all their original inspiration and effect, is a rare gift, and was constantly improved by Fisher Ames. He possessed the power of striking those delicate notes of soul-harmony which a sympathetic audience always repeat with rapture in their hushed hearts. He diffused a charm around him, like ambrosia evaporating from an open vase, and which was worthy to be served at the table of the gods. He was not simply a rhetorician, or an adept in metaphysics, he was an orator by the true passion of eloquence; he was a musician in his tones, and a poet in his expressions.

"Ames was a sound reasoner, but his style of argument was harmonious with the constitution of his mind. The logic that is most felt is least seen, as the cannon-ball that rends the target is not visible in its flight. True force should be measured by its efficiency, rather than by the manner in which its results are executed.

"Popular eloquence must be rich in colors, simple in subject, sparkling with light, palpable in premises, bold in deduction, and varied in tone, in order to please the multitude and convince all. As in nature there are some prominent objects which can be seen from far, as a house, a tree, or a mountain, so there are but a few reasons so obvious as to strike the common mind. That which a philosopher comprehends by an argument, the mass of the people comprehend in an image. It is indispensable to use variety. The ear is soon pained with sameness of tone, and the soul loathes a perpetual string of syllogisms.

"Ames in this respect was a master. He was easily excited, but exercised a sovereign power of self-control. He knew that it was necessary to be master of his own passions, in order to govern those of others. He assumed diversified forms and hues with Protean facility. Now he skims the ground and obscures himself in smoke; anon he darts through the empyrean with coruscations of flame, and with resplendent light illuminates the waters, the earth, and the heavens.

The rapid argument
Sour'd in gorgon flight, linking earth
With heaven by golden chains of eloquence;
Till the mind, till its faculties and powers,
Lay flitting self-surrendered in the deep
Of admiration."

The work is handsomely printed, and is illustrated with heads of the leading orators of the country.

Letters to a Man of the World Disposed to Believe. By J. E. Le Boys des Guays, Editor of "La Nouvelle Jérusalem." Translated from the French, by John Murdock. Revised and Corrected by George Bushe. New York: John Allen.

This is a new edition of a work held in high estimation by the "New Church." We may examine it at length hereafter, but now simply call attention to it, as being likely to interest any one who may wish to learn without too laborious investigation, what are some of the theological teachings of Swedenborg.

The Church in Earnest. By John Angell James. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1848.

This is a neat issue of one of the most practical works of the day. The subject is peculiarly appropriate to the times, and cannot fail to secure attention. To be aggressive, the Church must, of course, be possessed of the general spirit of the age. Let her fall behind in the onward movement, she will lose her power over mankind, and become effete.

The author stops criticism, by disavowing any pretension to originality in the treatment of his theme, but this will not prevent us from wishing at times that there was a little more freshness and point.

Daily Bread; consisting of Extracts in Prose and Verse, from Eminent Divines For every day in the year. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

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Having been compelled, in many instances, to glean the titles from Advertisements in the daily papers, the list has not been as full and perfect in every particular as it is our desire to make it. Henceforth, if publishers, immediately upon the issue of any work, will forward to us a copy of the title page and the price, marked "Literary World's weekly list," all deficiencies of this kind will be remedied.

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It is not fair to ask of a writer more than he pretends to give you, and therefore we shall not condemn Count de Laporte for having treated each subject as a whole, instead of separating the origin and formation of words from the principles of their connexion. In a philosophical work, like Becker's German, or Kugner's Greek, or the lamented Nordheimer's admirable Hebrew Grammar, this division is essential, for the two subjects are so distinct, when considered from this point of view, that it would be impossible to form a clear idea of either, if they were taken together. But Count de Laporte has aimed rather at a full and systematic exposition of the facts of the language, and this he has accomplished very successfully. The reader will find each part of speech fully discussed in separate sections, the word first, and then the rules which govern its application. Pages are devoted to the article alone, and no one who wishes to master this difficult subject, will think there is a page too much. Let any one study this chapter in connexion with the Exercises, and he will find that he has little left to learn which any grammar that we know of can teach him. The exercises are judiciously arranged, and form an indispensable accompaniment of the grammar. Of the Self-teaching Reader, it is not too much to say, that it is the only satisfactory work of the kind we have ever met with; the only one which contains a philosophical analysis of the sounds of the French language, and a clear and accurate exposition of the principles of their combination.

In our own course, for we write *à la cathédrale*, we have used De Laporte after Ollendorf, whose work (we speak only of the French) is far from meeting the wants of the advanced student.

[From Rev. H. Winslow, Boston.]

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[From Daniel Leach, Teacher, Roxbury.]

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[From Prof. Arnault, French Teacher, Boston.]

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